

To J. L. M. Gibbons, Esq.

Fannie Lemoine

WRITTEN BY

AS SUNG BY JOHN FARRENBURG.

CAPT. E. W. CUTLER

Music By

S. NOURSE.

PIANO.



GUITAR.

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FANNIE LEMOINE

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Words by G.W. Cutter.

Music by Solon Nourse.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

dolce.

2^d V^{se} More love-ly than hy-a-cinths, clusters thy hair, O'er a
 Oh! Fan-nie Lemoine, tho' the struggle is o'er, That I
 brow like mag-no-lia buds, sun-ny and fair; Thy hand is a moon-beam I
 felt when I knew I should see thee no more; Yet thine image hath made in my
 cannot con-trol, The ar-rows of love it has shot thro' my soul. Like the
 bosom a shrine, Where thou dwellest for-ever, dear Fannie Lemoine. Thy

ad lib: *a tempo*

ad lib: *a tempo*

2622-4.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by W.C. Peters & Sons, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District Court of Ohio.

spell of the sum-mer-bow, af-ter the storm, Is the charm of thy mind,— is the

cheek is as fair as the hue of the rose, Or the last cloud that pillows the

grace of thy form; Like notes of soft mu-sic where wave-lets are clear, Are the

ev'nings re- pose; Thine eye is like that of the ai-ry ga-zelle And thy

rav-ish-ing tones of thy voice to my ear. Oh! Fan-nie &c.

step is like his, in the flow'-ry dell. Oh! Fan-nie Lemoine, tho' the

struggle is o'er, That I felt when I knew I should see thee no more; Yet thine

image hath made in my bosom a shrine, Where thou dwellest forever, dear Fannie Lemoine.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the piano part.

3

Like a mine of rich pearls is thy delicate mouth,
 And thy breath as the spice-laden gales of the south;
 At thy presence my bosom has trembled with fears—
 Has been rapt into joy has been melted to tears.
 Tho' I knew and despair'd that thou couldst not be mine,
 Yet I worshiped thine image as something divine;
 For I felt thy endearing perfections were given,
 As a type and a pledge of the beauty in heaven.
 Oh! Fannie Lemoine &c.

4

Give the poet his wreath, give the lawyer his fee—
 Give the sailor his ship on the dark rolling sea—
 Give the sage all the planets that glitter on high,
 But give me to dream of my love till I die.
 Give the warrior his steed, give the monarch his throne,
 With a scepter acknowledged in every zone;
 Give the statesman his glory, the miser his coin,
 But leave me the memory of Fannie Lemoine.
 Oh! Fannie Lemoine &c.

